

own peace of mind, fairly and tenderly to apply criticism. Otherwise your nights will be disturbed by the visions of those whom you have sent to Lethe—your pleasant dreams will be changed into thoughts of starving authors; their emaciated forms will follow you, their care-worn features harass you, and their long and shrivelled fingers will eventually throttle you. Beware then, critic; we kindly, and in the spirit of gentleness, entreat you, beware. We do this, influenced by no selfish consideration, but having reference *solely* to your own good—that you may enjoy your nights peacefully without any soul-startling apparitions. When rosy-fingered Aurora has duly ushered in the morn, we should not wish your minds to be distracted by unwelcome recollections, or your bosoms disturbed by thoughts of injustice done, merit neglected, or worth slighted. Rather would we have you appear with benignant smiles, happy countenances, bosoms free from perturbations, and hand stretched forth to welcome the humble aspirants of fame.

In closing, we would sum up our remarks upon the high and arduous duty of the reviewer, with the following apt quotation:

“Critics are tasters for the public, in all literary banquets; it is their duty to hinder “strange flesh,” from supplanting wholesome viands; and the distillations of nightshade from filling cup and goblet instead of Falernian and genuine Chateau Margaux. They should be careful not to imitate, Sancho Panza’s physician, who, from mischief or malice permitted no right nourishment to reach the lips of the governor of Barataria; but be considerate and wise, and allow their readers indulgence, only in those things that are sweet and wholesome.” B. F. M.

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES,

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING MR. BUCKINGHAM’S
DESCRIPTION OF THE VERY ANCIENT WILLOW,
WHICH STILL GROWS IN THE GARDENS OF
SEMIRAMIS, AT BABYLON.

Oh, solitary tree!

Living memento of the mighty past!

Strange dreamy images the mind o’ercast,
As dwell its thoughts on thee.

Where roved Semiramis,

Thou still dost stand;—perchance her foot she staid
Beneath thy silvery boughs, in the deep shade
To woo the zephyr’s kiss.

There now thou standest lone!

And as the winds thine ancient branches sway,
Thou dost respond to their light, mirthful play,
With melancholy moan.

The wandering Arab hears,

And deems in thee unearthly spirits dwell;
Then hastes with flying foot, the tale to tell,
Of his dark doubts and fears.

But thou, mysterious tree!

What secrets deep, lie hidden in thy breast!

’Twere strange indeed, if aught *could* be at rest,
Knowing, what’s known to thee.

Thou hast outlived thy race,

Lone dweller now amid decay and death,
Where e’en the violet, with her perfumed breath,
No eye may ever trace.

Amid thy foliage dim,

The wild bee never lurks, nor e’er is heard,
’Mong thy soft folded leaves, the chant of bird,
Warbling her vesper hymn.

Not so, ah, mournful tree,

When in their glory shone those garden’s bright,
And plants of every clime, how fair to sight,
Smiled gaily there with thee.

Then, thou didst gently wave

Thy drooping boughs about the queenly head
Of fair Semiramis, and soft dews shed
Her beauteous brow to lave:—

While at thy feet unrolled

Lay Shinar’s plain, in whose bright midst there
shone,
The hundred gates of mighty Babylon,
Her towers and domes of gold.

Where are her myriads now?

Her valiant kings, and he, who built yon tower
To brave the heavens? Spent is their little hour!
Oh tree, why lingerest thou?

There thou hast stood, and seen

Their doom fulfilled,—and now se’est ruin sit
In their bright halls, and mark’st the dark bat flit,
Where song and dance have been.

Ancient and voiceless tree,

Could’st thou find human utterance, to impart
All the dread secrets treasured in thy heart,
Dark would the history be.

How thou could’st moralize

On worldly hopes,—thou who can’st boast a span
Ne’er in time’s earliest ages, reached by man,
The mighty, nor the wise.

Briefer than thine, oh tree,

Earth’s glories are,—for thou hast seen them pass
Age after age, as in a magic glass,
Yet change comes not to thee.

Still may time pass thee by

Untouch’d, unscath’d,—for thou dost seem to bind
Us with the past,—so closely thou’rt entwined
With its strange history.

E. L. C.

Montreal, September 5, 1840.